

THE CHRONICLE AND DIRECTORY.

For 1873.

NOW READY.

THIS Work, now in the ELEVENTH year of its existence, is ready for delivery.

It has been compiled and printed at the Daily Press Office, as usual, from the best and most authentic sources, and no pains have been spared to make the work complete in all respects.

In addition to the usual varied and voluminous information, the value of the CHRONICLE AND DIRECTORY FOR 1873" has been further augmented by a

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPH

OF THE FOREIGN SETTLEMENTS OF SHANGHAI.

In addition to a Chromo-Lithograph Plate

of the

NEW CODE OF SIGNALS IN USE

AT THE PEAK;

also;

THE VARIOUS HOUSE FLAGS

(Designed expressly for this Work)

MAPS OF HONGKONG, JAPAN,

and of the

THE COAST OF CHINA.

besides other local information, and statistic corrected to date of publication, leading to make this work in every way, suitable for Public, Mercantile, and General Offices.

The Directory is published in Two Forms, Complete at \$5; or with the Lists of Residents, Port Directories, Maps, &c., at \$3.

how presumptuous and unseemly was the tone which they adopted. It is surely liberality gone mad, when the Governor of a Colony is found discussing with the compradores and others composing the Committee of the Chinese Hospital the relative merits of Christian and Confucian principles of government. If this is to be the result of allowing Deputations of Clites to wait upon His Excellency, the sooner the plan is given up the better. At least before more deputations are received, it will be just as well that they be given to understand that they will have to behave themselves. Not one of the men who spoke in such unmeasured terms to the Governor would so much as dare to sit down in the presence of one of their own smallest mandarins, not to mention the merchants who employ them, and we think the result of waving such ceremony in their favour is sufficiently foreshadowed in the manner in which they presumed upon it.

The meeting of the Debating Society, which was announced for to-morrow, has been put off to Monday next.

The City of Exeter left Shanghai on the 16th instant, and the steamers Delta and Tschilatshu arrived at that port on the 17th.

The Lowie Dramatic Company, whose intended visit to the Colony was recently mentioned, arrived per China, and are giving their first performances there in the evenings of the coming week.

The piece selected for the opening night is "School," one of Mr. Robertson's last drama. We notice very favourable critique of "Caste" in the Singapore Times, and trust this piece will be given by the Company. They propose to give twelve performances, selecting Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays as their nights.

LATE TELEGRAMS.

REUTER'S TELEGRAMS.

SUPPLIED TO THE "DAILY PRESS."

(Via Russia)

London, 14th May, 1873.

In the House of Lords, the Duke of Wellington has passed his second reading.

Extreme depression prevails on the German Bourses.

The Prussian Government Bill proposes to lay out a portion of the French indemnity in bills of exchange, they having the same advantages as Government securities.

The Vienna Bank Act has been suspended.

The Pope has been for some time in a fainting fit, and suffers from great debility.

London, 15th May.

The Dutch report that 10,000 Bantaks and Aborigines are marching to attack Deli.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

May 17th.

BEFORE THE HON. C. MAY.

LARGEY.

The mistress of a brothel in Square-street, named Wong-ya-ee, charged a coolie named Lai-o-lee, with coming to her house on the night of the 16th instant, and after engaging a room, taking the summons of the absence of the maid-servant, to walk off with one new orange blanket, but was apprehended outside.

Chinese sergeant Hop-ia-ham, No. 145, decried, at 9.15 p.m. on the 16th inst., he was passing along Square-street, when he saw the defendant stopped, and a blanket laying down in the road.

Defendant said he was in a companion's house on a previous night, when a blanket was stolen, on the 16th instant he again went to the house, when the companion was missing, a sum of stealing the blanket was reported in the police and accused him of stealing another.

Defendant was sent to six weeks' hard labor.

CUTTING AND WOUNDING.

A boy in the employ of engineers at H.M. Naval Dock-Yard, cut two other boys, named Chua-chun-ho and Wong-ki-wei, with a scimitar, a chopper, and a hammer, and assaulting him with a chopper and a hammer.

On Thursday evening last the two defendants were fighting between them, when he went to separate them, they were employed by the same masters.

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Achinese constructed fresh fortifications, and fired upon the Morins, who returned the fire. Early on the morning of the 8th, the main force was posted opposite the landing-places, and began to clear the beach of the enemy. The 12th Battalion embarked in 21 boats, which were towed towards the shore by a steam-launch.

The forts now opened a heavy artillery and musketry fire to prevent the landing, and were vigorously bombarded in return by the fleet: carbouin-shots from the armed boats drove away a crowd of Achinese shouting and shouting. The 12th Battalion, however, had already spread out in skirmishing order to cover the remaining troops. Scarcely had they done so, when a large party of the enemy issued from the bush on their left-wing. They despatched the rapid fire from the troops. The more rapidly numbers of them fell, the louder their shouts became and the more furious their rush. They threw away their muskets and leaped upon the soldiers with drawn sabres and spears. They fought furiously, and were repelled with great difficulty by those who had not been able to draw their swords, nor had they time to do so. Their spears, knives, and above all their swords, are excellent. They generally carry a sword in each hand and wield them dexterously. They have much artillery and know how to handle them. They make no use of rapiers, and don't poison the drinking water.

The Java Bode has been informed that the Achinese so furiously and violently rushed out among the British troops that the latter were drawn up in the neighbourhood of the latter that they broke through the ranks. General Koldell, perceiving this, placed himself near the standard and died a hero's death.

The history of the 20th April, gives the following account of an attempted murder of the Assistant Resident of Bencoolen, from a correspondent there:—At 6 a.m. yesterday the British and Achinese forces of 2,000 men were drawn up to meet the left wing, which was falling back, firing rapidly. Owing to an officer being in danger, the troops engaged could not fire all together: they had to rush upon the enemy with leveled muskets. The nature of the hand to hand contest which followed may be judged from the following incident:—Thereupon followed one in which Lieutenant Wilken was wounded. He first partially parried the blow, then struck through the right hand: the musket indicated that he had to do with a blow. Lieutenant Wilken then received a second blow over the left shoulder and a third a hedge with a long grey beard tugging towards him. He had, however, an opportunity of inflicting a blow on his second assailant, who had been pushed down by a private with a bayonet-thrust. The hedge had, in the meantime, come to blows with a private who tried to hit him with his musket, which the hedge returned with a blow, whereupon the musket went to pieces and the hedge was disabled. Whilst this was happening, Lieutenant Wilken had received a blow from behind on the back; the aforesaid hedge then appeared before him. A blow from this hedge, which Wilken saw aimed at him, the latter tried to parry, but the hedge succeeded in inflicting on him a severe wound, which stretched from above the left eye over the nose to the left cheek. The hedge was then shot down by a private. Lieutenant Wilken was now somewhat better, but had to be carried to the fort on a litter in different directions. Of the six men who had been with him, five lay wounded on the field. It is a hideous sight. Wilken and the three others escaped. When the said Lieutenant was attended to in the hospital, these five wounded were brought there. The Achinese had literally hacked three of them in pieces after they had fallen. They died the same day. This mad attack by the Achinese was fortunately repelled by the troops commanded by the young general. The enemy left a large number of dead on the field. The troops had from 16 to 20 killed and wounded. The Achinese in their flight suffered from the fire of the men-of-war. Two holes were afterwards dug by the savages, and the enemy's dead, 85 in number, were collected and put into them by the convict coolies. After more troops had been landed, a battalion was ordered to capture two forts on the beach, fronting the fort of Foochow, and a ship had been kept up in the bay of the former, from the latter. One of these forts was found abandoned by the enemy: the troops during their march upon the other (the troublesome one) had to advance along the sea-shore without cover of any kind, not even from the ground. When they came close to the fort they were greeted with a heavy fire from muskets and artillery. A large number of the enemy, however, by means of which they were disengaged and driven in front, made a second assault. The troops quickly let them come, until they were close enough, upon which they were disposed of by a couple of volleys. The fire from the fort was duly returned, but it appeared impossible to capture it without making a breach first. The battalion retired slowly and then made a second assault, but in vain, when it fell back upon the abandoned fort. More troops and artillery having been despatched to its assistance, a third assault was made after their arrival, in the name of the command. But the troops, who had been in the enemy maintained their position. The attempt to storm this fort failed because its stone wall could neither be climbed over nor marched round, owing to the marshy nature of the ground, and because there were neither scaling ladders nor appliances to make them. During these assaults, in which the first named battalion alone lost 6 killed and 33 wounded, the enemy had not been able to open fire upon the troops, in spite of volleys from their breech-loaders. A nightfall, however, had sounded and the troops had marched on the beach. During the night, alarms were frequent, but the Achinese made no regular attack. The forts attacked on this day are described as being surrounded on the sides next the sea by thick and very high stone walls, behind which were earthworks having passages supported by bastions. The entrances to these passages were closed by high walls, which are, however, between which a path serves as outlet. In the abandoned fort, some Salder outridges were found, which gave rise to the inference that the Achinese had breech-loaders. On the following morning, (the 9th), a battalion made a reconnaissance, constructing a bridge on the road thither. In the meantime, the men of war had made a breach in the fort which had been fruitlessly attacked in the previous day, and a party of messengers, who formed part of the naval auxiliary, who formed part of the naval auxiliary, were despatched to capture it. The troops, however, were unable to do so, and the fort was captured by the Dutch. The Achinese had immediately marched into the fort, and the 12th Battalion, with the 1st and 2nd companies, were sent to reinforce them. The 12th Battalion, however, was more heavily than noted. The attempt is hence ascribed to dissatisfaction with the new poll-tax in coin, or to orders to repair the roads, which had caused discontent in one of the districts. Every one will agree that the Bencoolen are idle.

SHIPPING REPORTS.

(Continued from the 1st page.)

The British steamship *Xiangfeng* reports left Foochow on the 14th May, Amoy on the 15th, and Swatow on the 16th. In Foochow left the steamer *Hongkong*, H. C. Orford and *Yankee*, latter steamer arrived in Foochow from Shanghai on the 13th; passed the steamer *Huatai* in the river on the 14th. In Amoy, left the steamer *Glen Haddie* and *Woolwich*, latter steamer arrived in Foochow on the 16th, with passengers the same day, having in tow the steamer *Dragon*, also left Chinese corvette *Tam-yen*. From Foochow experienced light variable airs and foggy weather until arrival.

The British steamship *Achilles* reports left Liverpool on March 26th, arrived at Port Said on April 9th, left again on the 10th; left Suez on the 11th; arrived at Port Said on the 12th, and the 17th arrived at Gau on the 20th; left again on the 30th, and on April 2nd, arrived at Foochow. The steamer *Dragon*, left Foochow on May 6th, and left again on the 7th; arrived at Singapore on the 8th, and left again on the 10th, had fine weather throughout, had light winds and calms across the Indian Ocean and in the China Sea; stopped at Tam-yen Island at 8 p.m., on 15th instant; passed the steamship *Bywell Castle* on April 25th, bound bound, in lat. 33° N., and long. 63° 30' E. The steamship *Hecla* left Suez on May 7th. The steamship *China* left Singapore in company.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.
MAY 18th, EVENING.

Closing rates—New Patna, \$50 to \$55; Old Patna, \$65 to \$60; New Beiras, \$50 to \$50; Old Beiras, \$55 to \$50; Malwa, \$55 to \$60; Imports per steamer *China* from Calcutta, 45 chests Patna, and 255 chests Beiras.

SHARERS.

London and Shanghai Bank Shares—571 per cent. premium.

China Fire Insurance Company's Shares—\$34 per share premium.

China Traders' Insurance Company's Shares—\$90 per share premium.

China and Japan Marine Insurance—The 11th per share premium.

China Insurance Company—\$25 per share.

China Fire Insurance Company's Shares—\$4 per share premium.

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Extracts.

WE TWO.

We own no houses, no lots, no lands,
No dusty yards for us to spread,
We spent of our barks and toll of our bands,
We care the pittance that buys our bread.
And yet we live in grander state,
Sunbeam and I, than the millionaires
Who dive off silver and golden plate,
With liveried lackeys behind the chaise.

We have no riches in houses and stocks,
No bank-book shows our balance to draw,
Yet we carry a safe key that unlocks
More treasure than Orestes ever saw.
We wear no velvets nor satins fine,
We dress in a very horsey way;
But up! what luminous lustres glow,
About sunbeam's gown and my boddin gown!

When we walk together (we do not ride),
We are far too poor! it is very rare
We are bowed unto from the other side
Of the street—but for this we do not care.
We are not lonely, we pass not alone,
Sunbeam and I, and we do not see,
We can what calls the beautiful thought
Of angels we have for company.

No bark, no dulcimer, no guitar,
Breaks into music at sunbeam's touch;
But do not think our love is a mere
Without a heart, there is none such
In the quiet halls where the palpitate air
Is musical bellow and avow;
Our lives are realms, and our foreheads wear
A calm, like the seal of beautiful hymns.

When cloudy weather obscures our skies,
And some days darken with drops of rain,
We have but to look at each other's eyes,
All is calm and bright again;
All is calm and bright again;
All is calm and bright again;

Abi! ours is the alchemy that transmutes
The drugs to elixir—the elixir to gold;
And to do live on Persian fruits
Sunbeam and I, and never grow old.

Never grow old, but we live in peace,
And low our fellows envy none;
And our hearts are glad in the increase
Of plentiful vines for the sun,
Arms are on with thoughtful road,
And the shadow lengthen toward the west,
But the wane of our young years brings no dread
To break their laureat of quiet rest.

MARRIAGE IN THE BUSH.

Squatters marry early. The reasons for doing so are very strong; and those reasons for not doing so, which are terribly familiar to us at home, hardly exist in the bush. The man is alone, and can have of any rate no female companionship unless he marry. In ordinary life, as it is the unmarried man enjoys as many comforts—unfortunately, perhaps, more luxuries—than do they who take to themselves wives. But in the bush the unmarried man is very desolate, and will probably soon become forlorn and wretched in his mode of life. He will hardly get a woman who will cook for him decently, or who will sew a button on his shirt when it is wanted. And he will soon care nothing for his dinner is cooked, and whether his shirt be with or without a button. On the other hand, the cost of his household when he is married will hardly be more than when he is single. If his wife know how to keep a bush house, her presence will almost be a saving to him. At home, in England, the young man when he marries has to migrate from his lodgings to a house; he must make up an establishment, buy furniture, hire servants, and enter altogether upon a new phase of life. He must have ready money, in his pocket to begin with; and a future income probably very much in advance of that he has hitherto been expected to expend. On a station there is nothing of the kind. There is the house, in which it may be necessary to put a few additional comforts. There is the establishment—already on so large a scale in consequence of the necessity of supplying men with rations that no recognisable increase is created. When children come, and education is needed, expenses of course will grow—but at first the thing is so easy that the young squatter simply goes out in his buggy and brings home the daughter of some other squatter—after a little ceremony performed in the nearest church. From "Australia and New Zealand," by Anthony Trollope.

WORK AND GENIUS.

(From "Getting on in the World," by William Mathews, LL.D.)

We hear a great deal about the extempore productions of men of genius—great works dashed off at a heat; but could we learn the secret of the literary workshop, we should find that most of these marvellous improvisations, like the cut-and-dry elaborate impromptus of conversation, which have been kept in pickle for weeks, have been the result of years of anxious thought and care. Shredie said, "I have written 'Pizarro' at Drury-Lane Theatre, over port wine and sandwiches; but every one familiar with his life knows that he was a literary trickster, who polished and re-polished the brilliant off-hand sayings with which he used to dazzle the House of Commons with the greatest dare—that they were, in fact, the results of previous reflection, kept ready for use in a memorandum-book. The brunt of the labour upon 'Pizarro' had probably been done before he set pen to paper. No man appears to write with more ease than Dickens; yet a published letter of his shows that when he was brooding over a new book his whole soul was "possessed," haunted, spirit-driven by one idea, and he used to go wandering about at night into the strangest places, seeking rest, and finding none till he was delivered. When that little Christmas book, "The Chimes," was about to rise from the ocean depths of his thought, he shut himself up for a month close and tight, till all his affections and passions got twined and knotted up in it, and, long as he reached the end, he became "bagged as a murderer." It is said that on being requested to read at his public recitations a new selection from his writings, he replied, that he had not the time to prepare himself; as he was in the habit of reading a piece once a day for six months before reciting it in public. Addison wrote the "young, gay, giddy, impudent, & impudent" orator of the day, and was often stop the press to insert a new proposition. Gibbon wrote out his autobiography, a model of its kind, nine times before he could satisfy himself. Hazlitt tells us that he was assured by one who knew that "Burke's Letter to a Noble Lord," the most sagacious, impetuous, glancing and sportive of all his works, was returned to the printing office so completely blotted over with alterations that the compositor refused to correct it as it was, but took the whole matter to pieces, and reset the copy. Hazlitt himself spent so many weary years before he could wreak his thoughts upon expression, that he almost despaired of ever succeeding as an author. John Foster was a most pain-laborious writer. He tells us that in revising one of his essays, his principle was to treat no page, sentence, or word with the smallest ceremony, but "to knock, split, twist, prang, pull at the roots, or practice any other severity of whatever he did not like." The consequence was "attention to the amount, very likely, of several thousand." When Channing, after a visit to London, was asked what Foster was about, he replied, "Hard at it, at the rate of a line a week." Even the light, facile verse of Tom Moore was the efflorescence of deep strain of erudition; a genuine poem of lasting ideas blossomed into a song, and knowledge gathered out of scores of folios bloomed into whole wildernesses of beauty. Washington Irving tells us that Moore used to compose his poetry while walking up and down a gravel walk in his garden, and when he had a line, a couplet, or a stanza polished to his mind, he would go to a little summer-house near by, and write it down. Ten lines a day he thought good work, and would keep the little poem for him weeks, waiting for a single word. Some of his broadest quibbles cost him whole weeks of inquiry. The dulcitude of language in the hands of Hawthorne surprises and delights every cultivated reader. But for his lately published "Note-Books" which betray the secret of his art—reveal the laws by which his genius wrought—we might fancy him an exception to the rule that intense labour is the price of all high excellence. We find him in these not trusting to inspiration, but day by day, through every month and every year, patiently jutting down every random thought that chanced to stray into his mind, pinioning every hint in ink, securing every fact or fancy that may possibly serve as material for or adornment of some future work. Not one of his books was flung off from the top of his mind at a white heat. We find, on the contrary, that it was by condescending into a charter, and sometimes into a sentence, the fruit of months of waiting and watching, hints by the wayside and stray suggestions, picked up and wrought out, moonlight meditations, and dashes of illumination from electric converse with congenial minds, that he wove his spells, so weird, so dark, and so potent. It is said that a rival playwright once jeered at Euripides, because he had taken three days to compose five lines, whilst he had dashed off five hundred in the same time. "Yes, was the just rector, "but your five hundred lines in three days will be dead and forgotten, whilst my five will live for ever." The number of hours spent in the manual labour of writing a book is no measure of the brain-labour expended in composing it. Thoughts, to flow easily, must overflow from a full mind. Alonso Cano, the Spanish sculptor, completed a beautiful statue in twenty-five days. When the sordid merchant who had employed him wished to pay him by the day, he cried out, indignantly, "Wretch! I have been at work twenty-five years learning to make this statue in twenty-five days." So, as an English reviewer thoughtfully suggested, great painters may finish off great pictures with wonderful speed, if hurried along by a whirlwind of inspiration; so also great writers, like Sir Walter Scott (though even in his case with very doubtful

advantage) may be able to dictate works of enduring interest and give them to the world without revising or retouching them at all; but the reason in all these cases is the same. Long years of study and practice and meditation have so arranged and fitted, and as it were, lubricated, the delicate manual instruments which the master in hand requires, that when the motive power is applied, when the steam is up, they work with the precision and regularity of a machine.

As in literature, so in art—the works that have challenged the world's admiration for ages have been the result of unweary toil.

Michael Angelo, who, if any man, had a right to rely on genius only, said of himself that all this was due to study. He won sometimes a week without taking of his clothes, when his dinner is cooked, and when his shirt is with or without a button. On the other hand, the cost of his household when he is married will hardly be more than when he is single. If his wife know how to keep a bush house, her presence will almost be a saving to him. At home, in England, the young man when he marries has to migrate from his lodgings to a house; he must make up an establishment, buy furniture, hire servants, and enter altogether upon a new phase of life. He must have ready money, in his pocket to begin with; and a future income probably very much in advance of that he has hitherto been expected to expend.

During the nine years that I was his wife, said the widow of the great painter, "I never saw him satisfied with one of his productions; and often, very often, have I seen him enter my sitting-room, and throw himself into an agony of despondence on the sofa, exclaiming, 'I never, never, shall be a painter as long as I live!'" It was this noble

despair which a master-father, like the horizon, over flew before him, that spurred on Ope to higher and yet higher efforts, till he filled one of the highest niches in the artistic temple of his country. When a lady once asked Turner what his secret was, he replied,

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INSURANCES.

NOTICE

FROM AND AFTER THIS DATE THE FOLLOWING RATES

WILL BE CHARGED FOR SHORT PERIOD

INSURANCES.

NOT